

Cat and mouse

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Cat and mouse

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Dream was on the hunt and George feared for both of their lives.

Notes

This is my new obsession im so sorry

//Please don't harass real people over ships. Will delete if either of them ever makes a statement about not wanting people to ship them. Don't be dicks, alright?//

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

His feet were almost floating over the grass. He sprinted across the savanna with great leaps and jagged breathing. If he had luck on his side he would have found a village by now. His stone sword could break any second and he was nowhere close to having any armour. It was stupid. A cow mooed to his left and George jerked his head in the cow's direction as a reflex. It turned out to be the wrong move because the soft grass disappeared from under his feet and a sharp pain shot up his back. He saw white. Did a dumb cow kill him before he did?

How long he had laid on the stone ground was a mystery, but slowly, his eyes fluttered open and he saw the blue sky above him through the hole that he fell in. George did not know if he could stand up - he must have broken some bones - but a hissing sound got him back on his feet before he could yell out 'fuck'. He instinctively sliced the creature with his sorry excuse of a sword before it exploded, dealing further damage. Now he was almost dead. Raw mutton would have to be his

healing meal. As he munched on the red meat, he let his eyes adjust to the darkness. Something glimmered from deep inside the cave. With a sigh of relief, he whispered ‘finally’ and ran towards the sweet, sweet iron. While he mined it, plus some extra stone for a furnace, he kept looking over his shoulder. There in the dark, fear crept up on him. He could hear his taunting voice, though it was merely in his head.

With a racing heart, he waited for the iron to melt. ‘I need to get out of here’, he thought. He knew a cave wouldn’t hide him from the cursed compass, nothing would. At least on the surface he could flee if necessary. The thought sent a shiver down his spine. Hey, at least he managed to cook his food in the meantime. No more raw mutton or pork. A new era of healthy food had begun! Oh, and the iron had melted... Wait.

No, no way. Those weren’t human footsteps above him. It must’ve been that cow. It must have. There wasn’t a chance in hell that’s him. He told himself that and started making his new gear. A sword and a chestplate.

“Oh, the needle turned around. Interesting...” a voice muttered above him.

George inhaled sharply, not allowing himself to scream. He didn’t bother taking the left-over iron with him and instead ran for, quite literally, his life. He reached a dead end in the cave when he heard a loud thud behind him. *Dream is here.*

“You’re in this cave, aren’t ya?”

George began to mine his way up to the surface. He heard his stone pickaxe creaking and prayed it would last until he saw daylight again. Jesus, how far down was that cave? Sweat dripped down his forehead. ‘Please, just make it back to the savanna’ he thought.

Dream had been chasing him. They were friends, or so George thought. They were dimension hoppers. Together they had faced many challenges, always having each other’s back. Many Ender dragons had fallen by their hands. Secretly, George had been hoping they’d become more than friends. And well, the opposite had happened. His best friend of four years had abandoned reason. Now he was in this predicament.

The footsteps were now right beneath him. George heard a ‘tsk’. Dream must now realise that he went up again. And yes, he heard rocks falling to the ground, broken by Dream’s pickaxe. George felt the damp dirt above him and knew he could almost escape. Just a little further...

“Oh, Geo-orge...” the taunting voice echoed through the cave walls.

He broke through the dirt with crazed digging. Daylight greeted him but he couldn’t rest, yet. He ate some pork chop and listened to the ominous clanking of iron against stone beneath his feet. And he ran, fast, while avoiding the grey acacia trees and certainly not looking back. In the distance he spotted a village.

Dream had also made his way out of the cave. George felt his presence behind him, his skin crawled.

“Please, *please*---!” he yelled out. The response was merely a chuckle.

“You’re so annoying,” George muttered. More chuckling.

The village was close, now, and it had a blacksmith. The question was if he could stop to loot it. He didn’t dare to look back and see how close his soon-to-be murderer was. Too close, probably. Go for the loot or keep running?

The answer came quite easily. George made a leap across a ravine, filled with too much adrenaline to think about how a wrong jump could've killed him, and then the unexpected happened. A loud screech behind him.

"No!" he heard from deep down the ravine.

George's heart got stabbed. He hated to hear Dream be in pain, but without stopping, he ran to the blacksmith. He needed to survive. The blacksmith was a dusty house lit up by the lava at the front door. It was made with more stone than the other acacia wooden houses, making it look intimidating. The lava did not help ease that. Villagers hummed around him, begging him to trade. He ignored them and went inside.

Inside the blacksmith was darkness and a familiar chest. In it, two diamonds. He gasped. With a diamond sword, he'd feel a lot safer. Perhaps the tables had turned. George, of course, 'borrowed' some wheat from the village before leaving. His plan was to keep running in a straight line, but he didn't feel like doing that. So, he didn't.

Without a solid plan, he sneaked back to the ravine. All he knew was that he was worried. This craziness needed to end. He wanted Dream back, but he also didn't want to get killed. Hiding behind the few trees in the savanna, he listened for any sign of him. The ravine stretched out for maybe even a hundred meters and falling down could be fatal. His stomach churned. Quietly, he reached the edge of the ravine. Looking over it made him feel slightly nauseous. Curse you, vertigo. Still no sign of Dream. Neither alive nor dead. Quietly, he climbed down the edge, cringing at the rocks falling down which seemed to make such loud noises.

The sun was setting and darkness filled the ravine. If he wasn't careful, he'd slip and twist his neck. He sat down for a moment, his legs dangling off an edge. That's when he saw the faint light of torch coming out of a cave entrance.

He had not expected to have come so far.

If this were anyone else, he would simply sneak up on them and slice their throat with his diamond blade, but this man had been by his side through so much. Even if he could be a prick sometimes. George had admired him for a while, now, and he knew many small details about him. Such as that he mostly ate pork and wasn't afraid to dig straight down. He was clever, but sometimes he forgot to think things through. No point in being nostalgic, though, because it was clear that Dream intended to kill him, seeing as he had brought him to the verge of death twice in the past few days. *Why* he was so intent on murdering him, however, he did not know.

George needed to talk to him. It would be a bad idea, sure, but he had to try. Would Dream attack if he saw his new sword? Dream only had iron, but he was filled with bloodlust. It would be unlikely if he were to be scared.

"Found you." Dream's voice began calmly but he erupted into laughter.

Cold metal pressed against his throat. George wanted to scream, but was too scared. Manic laughter came out of Dream's mouth. 'What is *wrong* with you,' he thought. He felt him breathing against his neck. A warm gasp of air.

"Do you wanna talk this out?" George asked, panicked. The laughter became louder. He was almost wheezing.

"You wanna- Ha... wanna talk to, to me?" Dream managed to bring out in between his laughter, "George! I am going to-..."

“Kill me? I know that, Dream. But could you please not do that?!”

“That’s- that’s not how this works.”

“Well, what even is ‘this’? Why do you wanna kill me?” George sounded more annoyed than fearful, “You’ve been hunting me for the past week for whatever reason!”

“I have my reasons,” he had stopped laughing at last.

He couldn’t talk to him like this. Letting himself be murdered also wasn’t an option. That’d be stupid. Inconspicuously, he reached for the hilt of his sword with his right hand. He felt bad about it, but Dream’s armour wouldn’t let his sword go through.

“Dream? What’s that?” With his left hand, he pointed towards the sky.

“Huh?”

It was now or never. George drew his sword and swung it backwards. He heard it clanking against Dream’s armour and in the heat of the moment, Dream dropped his sword, allowing him to make a run for it. At the entrance of the cave with the torch light, he turned around.

“Look what I have, Dream,” he mocked, showing off his diamond sword, “I won’t hurt you if you talk to me.”

Dream chuckled, “Oh no... I’m so scared.” Sarcasm spewed off his tongue like venom. He closed the distance between them and held him at sword-point with ease, grabbing George’s right wrist to stop him from attacking.

“This is *bullshit*,” George complained, “Dream, this isn’t you!”

“How can it not be?”

“Because even if you are really annoying a lot of the times,” George began, “You’re still my best friend.”

Dream’s sword pressed tighter against his throat. A tear fell onto the blade. He braced himself for death, but it didn’t come.

In the dark of the night, illuminated by the light of the torch, Dream’s eyes softened. The final blow didn’t come. George looked at him in confusion. It was as if a switch flipped.

“I have my reasons,” Dream repeated, “I don’t remember them.”

“Dream?” George asked. He couldn’t be relieved, yet. What if it was a trap. Or... his partner really had returned. The question then was: why now?

‘I’m pretty cute, though, so maybe seeing me up close caused him to...’ he thought. Ha, that’d be ridiculous, of course.

Dream put down his sword and let go of him. He took a step back and sat down on the stones, patting the ground besides him to gesture to George to sit down, too. He did, still untrusting. He clutched his sword.

“I...I snapped out of it.”

“What?”

"It's okay, George." He mumbled something else before laying his head on George's shoulder, falling asleep.

They were both exhausted from the hunt. Seeing Dream like this was endearing, even if he didn't want to admit that. He listened to his soft breathing for what felt like an eternity. Eventually, George doze off, too.

No monsters had woken them up during the night and George awoke to a clear day. To his left, he heard groaning. Dream's green eyes opened underneath blonde hair. His 'smiley face'-mask hung around his neck.

"I feel different, somehow," Dream said lazily, his head on George's chest.

"Uhm, good morning to you, too."

"Yeah, g'morning," he replied, "I'm sorry for-... everything. I don't know why it happened."

George couldn't allow himself to believe it, but deep down, he knew it was true. He was talking to his Dream, he had to be.

"I'll forgive you for a kiss."

"What?"

"Nothing... We're good, now, okay?" George's voice was gentle.

"We are. I hereby swear that I would never kill you."

"Oh my god! You gotta be fucking kidding me!" Dream shouted through his poor microphone, "The game legit crashed as I was about to kill you, I swear-"

Laughter came from his headphones. "I'm just *that* good!"

"What? No! You're lucky."

"C'mon Dream, hurry and restart your game," George encouraged.

"I don't want to. This is so unfair. I had you! You would've been dead."

"You don't know that. I could've won still."

"That's bullshit!" if it weren't 4 A.M, Dream would be on his way to strangle him, "By the way, why did you even come back to the ravine? Did you think you could ambush me?"

"I honestly wasn't thinking when I did that... But I should've been able to ambush you if you weren't so annoying, like, were you crouching behind a wall or something?"

"I was just getting some iron when I randomly saw you. Anyway, what do you want to do now? Would this be too underwhelming to upload?"

"I think so. It would be 2 hours of recording gone to waste." Dream knew that George was getting

excited.

“So we keep playing and I’ll win!” he gleefully said.

Dream started laughing, “No way! Alright, I’m coming.”

“Ew Dream! Don’t say that!”

End Notes

(About this account: I've been a bit inactive here and I lost motivation for my villain deku fic. Expect a fun villain au oneshot from me soon, though. I might keep writing oneshots like these because then at least I finish stuff.)

Please leave a comment and some kudos if you enjoyed it ^.^

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